

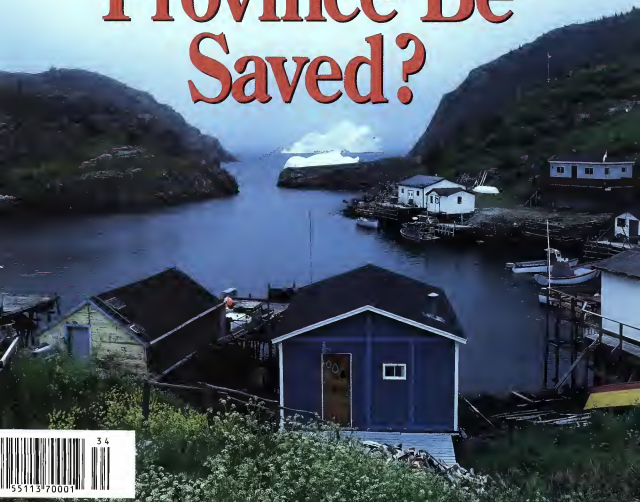
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42 A Hollywood sex scandal? It's almost redundant. Yet there she was in a Los Angeles court last week, 29-year-old Heidi Fleiss, suspected of supplying sex to studio bigwigs and their stars. In a town that knows a story, the gossip mills went spinning: would the alleged madam open her date book to expose the names of her clients? Would high-profile couples and careers come crashing down?



COVER PHOTO OF QUEBEC: MICHAEL D. LEVY/REUTERS; PHOTO OF HEIDI FLEISS: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS

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COLUMN



Take a moment to praise Canadian men

BY BARBARA AMIEL

I was a teen-ager this month. Should I write about the effort of Toronto's John Naisbitt to make Canada even more perfect by removing the word "sons" from our national anthem? "Waves," said Naisbitt, "should not be expected to sing a national anthem which evokes them."

Or should I write about the 81,000th Canadian Point of Violence Against Women? Loretta, I recall, had a freestyle plan to eliminate poverty. Men's version claimed to eliminate lies and sexual disease. Now, Canada has an eight-year plan to eliminate violent against women. Our plan has the advantage that it seems to require the deaths of fewer people than the aforementioned schemes—unless you worry about the costliness of the Canadian rule.

What a sad figure is the male Canada of the species, often sagged to death by such toxic forces, lionized by political dates, sometimes left lonely in his testosterone house by liberalized females who criticize his usual techniques as misogynistic. Still, these brave men persevere, supporting Canadian women and leaving positive, nonviolent property laws while liberating children for whom they are always financially responsible, but without a say or legal standing if the mother wants to abort their child.

There is surely an intellectual challenge in writing about these matters any more. One holds no brief for alcoholic husbands, rapists, or irresponsible fathers, of course. But insofar as any of the recommendations to reports on violence against women are true, they are obvious, and as such as they are not, they are crap. Once upon a time, all of the reform concerning the equality and liberty of women began before the law were words defining the B&W's robust freedoms and capitalism with their debt and evil muddle in search of a minority.

The way this month evolved reminds me of the way the drug problem developed. In the nineties first days of drug experimentation, men, even in those early days, one could de-

the ethics played with marijuana and LSD, our best minds discussed the value of mind-altering substances. A doctor at the Ontario Addiction Research Foundation even came up with a phrase, "one personal choice," to embody the notion that human beings ought to be able to make their own decisions about ingesting these narcotics and substances. All this was very progressive, but then gradually it was no longer the ethics who were in the drug scene, but the suburbanites. By now, when I expect most of the staff at the Addiction Research Foundation would talk about the "hater word," there is a whole catalogue of diagnosed illness because depending on boys.

Seriously with the middle in these reports on violence and women. In the 1970s and early 1980s, some of Canada's best minds lived up behind crime statistics of feminism. They were not only feminists but a modern grouping of people supporting feminism and self-help literature lists, Canadian authors and so forth. Later, they would turn a more sophisticated eye towards the arbitrary reinforcement of wealth and power through pay equity and employment equity programs. Still, even in those early days, one could de-

fect the staff of Kozminski in their actual engineering class and their need to legislate how we should correctly view women or blacks. But there were not more minds, and you could spend a good evening arguing with, say, Judge Iwanie Naisbitt as he worked on her pay equity report or civil liberties lawyer Alan Harvey defending the Ontario Human Rights Commission.

But soon these contemporary small liberals told the alternative culture set and weekend readers of Canada's intelligentsia and descended into further arcs—geographically and physiologically ideas about and racism and feminism that seemed so clear then, now select the primitive series of the midbrain. Student nurses tell Canadians how sick they all are, and females talk to create Marxist Jesus about male oppression.

In the first years, one fought this with humor and whatever few letters one had. One remembered writing columns after columns about the mindlessness of the thought police, the destructiveness of neoliberalism, and sketching out scenarios in which benevolence would make sleeping one's own child a criminal act of force or group a fellow worker in achieving peace would be grounds for job dismissal. Well, my imagination was too feeble. I could never have come up with the recommendations of last month's charmingly titled "Changing the Landscape: Ending the Violence, Achieving Equality," which seeks to prevent Canadians from laughing at sexual and racist jokes. "Please," I said my husband, after reading recommendation 254, "Will you start a safety audit of our community?" I was not sure what that recommendation meant, unless it was to send him out, flashlight in hand, checking out neighborhood houses to see that the men were changing diapers and the women deciding whether there would be coagulated concern that night.

But here is the point. The day of trying to logically counter the hysteria and one of these reports has passed. All the philosophical arguments have been made. The time has come now for military solutions—unapologetically speaking. Canada doesn't need philosophy any more, it needs action.

The situation is reminiscent of the old Soviet Union. Everyone, including the Politburo, knew that Marxism was awful and rotten, but as has helped the party faithful get ahead. Similarly, now Canadian women can't believe they are sexualists as first but then they discover how to use these as weapons against men, then they can get on downed in John's shared mode to bring in, save their child custody problems by quietly whispering "child abuse." Why not? Might as well make the roadshow work for you. Feminism or minority status is a career choice, just as being a member of the Communist party once was.

Perhaps Naisbitt is right and the Canadian national anthem ought to be rewritten. Who, after all, is standing on guard for us? Whether our sons? Whether our daughters? And sure as black, something awful is waiting our women. Oh Canada.



CANADA

SELLING A DEAL

OTTAWA CLAIMS VICTORY AFTER A CONTINENTAL TRADE COMPROMISE

Ever since he crooned *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* on a stage with Ronald Reagan, one of the most frequent criticisms levelled against Brian Mulroney during almost nine years as prime minister was that he appeared too eager to be the builder of American products. Indeed, prior to Mulroney's assassination on Feb. 14 that he seemed to have policies, the suggestion that a federal Conservative leader would enter an election campaign this year cast as a strong defender of Canadian interests would have appeared farfetched at best. But last week, Mulroney's successor at tempted to do the nationalistic, anti-American thing that the opposition on a North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) among Canada, the United States and Mexico had reached an "impassé," Prime Minister Kim Campbell declared that Canadian negotiators were resisting U.S. pressure for side deals on the environment and labor standards that President Bill Clinton had insisted

were crucial to U.S. approval of the agreement. Only one day later, federal Trade Minister Thomas Bladen claimed victory, an assertion that critics disputed. Still, Hocken said that Ottawa had forced Washington to back down on its proposal that each country be allowed to impose trade sanctions as punishment for violations of its environmental and labor rules. Instead, Mexico and the United States would only be allowed to levy sanctions on each other. And although there were powerful doubts about the arrangement in the U.S. Congress, which must ratify the pact to bring it into force, the three nations announced that they had struck a trade deal after four weeks of negotiations. Emboldened Hocken: "It's a great day for Canada."

For Campbell, the NAFTA strategy marked the latest step in her campaign to distinguish herself from the politicians of her predecessor. That effort began at the Group of Seven Tokyo summit in June, when Campbell was a public apology from Clinton for failing to

convince Ottawa before the June 30 U.S. deadline not to backslide. Last month, Campbell's government moved to help the Canadian magazine industry by trying to block so-called splinter editions of U.S. magazines—most containing mostly reprints of articles from the foreign edition but containing Canadian advertising. There, in a widely circulated interview with the *Philadelphia Inquirer* on July 25, Campbell complained that the United States dominates Canada culturally just as much as she said, domestic writers. Added Campbell: "No other country would just put up with it."

Since she became Prime Minister in June, Campbell's slack in asserting an independent voice has risen sharply. In an Angus Reid poll published on Aug. 7, her approval ratings climbed to about 50 per cent—compared with the 44 per cent who approved at Mulroney at the time that he announced his resignation. Polling analysts say that Campbell, like John A. Macdonald, Robert Borden and John

Stolen Inc. steel mill: a deal that demands new trade reciprocity to U.S. protectionists

Dewar before her, is tapping into a long-standing strain of anti-Americanism held by both the Conservative party and the electorate as a whole. "I'd describe it, as a whole," said Michael Doherty, a professor at history at the University of Ottawa. "It is an extremely powerful current throughout Canadian politics. Kim Campbell has been told this, and she can't do the work."

In the case of NAFTA, while both Campbell and Hocken claimed that they were misgiving to come in to Washington last week, they were barely using a huge political risk by backing the U.S. position publicly. In addition to playing to the nationalists, Campbell's stance appealed to Canadian business leaders, the strongest supporters of Mulroney's free trade initiative. They had argued for months that the American could be used by U.S. protectionists to block Canadian exports, undermining the improved access to U.S. markets promised under the 1989 Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement. Among the most worried were steel and pulp and paper executives, whose companies have been the targets of repeated U.S. trade actions in recent years. Said Roger Phillips, president of Regina-based steelmaker IPSCO Inc.: "Agreements are not one-sided, but it's often the American that's in."

As well, the differences among the three parties were clearly far from irreconcilable. On the same day that Campbell told reporters in Ottawa that the talks had stalled, officials from the three countries were meeting with the final terms of the deal. They reached a settlement just hours later. Opposition critics charged that Campbell and Hocken had exaggerated the gap between the negotiators for political advantage. "This whole side-deal process is an exercise in smoke and mirrors," NDP trade critic Dave Barrett told *Montreal's* *Liberal* after the Herb Gray was equally unimpressed. "There is no proof that Kim Campbell stood up to anybody," he said. But Hocken insisted that "until 11 p.m. that night, we were at it as

people that could have lasted for some time." The side deals themselves are considerably weaker than those first proposed by the Americans. They set out two bilateral commitments on labor and one on the environment, which have the power to recommend trade sanctions against Mexico and the United States—but none, not Canada—if they find that one of the countries has violated its own law. Canada would only be subject to fines. The Clinton administration is committed in the side deals to establish links that relatively lax Mexican environmental and labor legislation would draw industry across the Rio Grande from the United States.

Canadian media criticism as well: the side agreements will not apply to the provinces, which have jurisdiction over most environmental and labor questions, unless they ratify the deals. However, if the provinces refuse to sign on, they will be unable to lodge complaints with the commission. Clearly, that creates a dilemma for NDP members and other traditional NAFTA opponents. "I would think that the environmentalists and the labor activists would want the provinces to sign on," said Hocken. Probably, Canadian business leaders hailed the new labor and environmental side deals. "They will not have a new weapon to beat us with," said Tim Papp, senior vice-president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce.

Now, the final NAFTA vote in the U.S. Congress where Clinton has met opposition from leading Democrats. Last week, many of those said that they were still divided by the agreement—even with the new side deals. In December, Richard Gephardt, the influential Democratic majority leader in the House of Representatives,



Campbell's compromise

"Although progress has been achieved, the announced side agreements fell short in important respects and, taken alone, are not sufficient."

Whatever happens in Washington, Campbell can argue that her government has attempted to respond to the concerns of both business and free trade opponents. For opposition critics, however, Campbell's intransigence in the NAFTA talks are clearly her last attempt to distance herself from Mulroney—even while attempting to secure one of his last popular policy initiatives. With a federal election still expected within weeks, Canadian voters will obviously decide whether Campbell has underplayed her role in the political conversation—or in just putting a looker new face on the same old policies.

JOHN DALL with CLARE ALLEN and LOUIE FISHER in Ottawa

Canada Notes

PLEDGES OF REFORM

In a major policy speech, Prime Minister Kim Campbell promised reforms to political life in Ottawa. Her proposals included preventing former MPs from collecting pension until they turn 55, replacing lobbyists to disclose annually their political connections, and allowing more free votes in the House of Commons. Opponents speculate that she renewed Campbell's promise as a rebuke at long-standing proposals for parliamentary reform that the "lions could have been eliminated during their years in power."

YES TO THE P.E.I. BRIDGE

Federal Court Justice Paul Cullen ruled one of the last remaining obstacles to a proposed bridge linking Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. Cullen dismissed a request by an anti-bridge group to review a federal environmental assessment that failed to favor the \$600-million megaproject.

CHILDREN AT RISK

A 500-page report by Alberta's children's advocate says the province's foster-care program puts children's lives at risk. Gerald Walker found that the program is not careful enough in its choice of foster parents. His report follows a public seminar on the care of 20-month-old child who was beaten unconscious at the home of his foster parents. The infant now lies comatose in hospital, his foster parents are each serving 15-year sentences in prison for aggravated assault.

BUSTING AMERICAN

A pro-election publicity campaign by federal NDP leader Audrey McLaughlin backfired after it was revealed that an American company produced a slick \$90,000 campaign video criticizing the federal Tories for jobs lost to the United States under the free trade deal. Senior NDP campaign officials later conceded that hiring a U.S. producer was a mistake and promised that all future campaign material will be produced in Canada.

MASS ARRESTS AT CLOUAGUOY

In the largest mass arrest in B.C. history, the RCMP charged more than 250 protesters with contempt of court after they created a blockade at Clayoquot Sound on Vancouver Island. The demonstrators won the largest of their land claim demonstrations by blocking regular blockades on July 5 to protest the B.C. government's decision to allow logging in Clayoquot Sound.



Fabrikant after his 1982 arrest: "a swivelled man pulled up by the power of a gun"

Guilty as charged

Valery Fabrikant gets life for four murders

The bitter dispute inside the engineering faculty at Montreal's Concordia University grew worse by the day. Through the first half of 1982, professor Valery Fabrikant became increasingly angry over what he believed were slanders by the university to deny him a promotion and a sabbatical. At one point, Fabrikant became so bitter that some faculty members in snuffed panic buttons at their desks, and dimmed the lights on their office doors. Finally, on Aug. 24, 1982, Fabrikant, 33, entered the engineering building with three handguns and a briefcase full of ammunition. When the shooting ended, two professors were dead, two others would die later in hospital and a secretary was wounded. Last week, after a bizarre five-month trial—punctuated by six contempt-of-court criticisms against the accused—Quebec Superior Court jury found Fabrikant guilty on four counts of first-degree murder. As a striking Fabrikant pressed out of the prisoner's box, Justice Fraser Martin sentenced him to a mandatory life sentence. Said Martin: "The least one can say is that you are a warped, twisted and deeply troubled man."

Martin's comments marked the last in a series of heated exchanges between the judge and the famously talkative defendant. Fabrikant has during his ordeal and his clothes rumpled, hared and lived 30

hours during the course of the trial. And after taking over his own defence he repeated, by attacking Martin, during the judge's 40th birthday anniversary on a "page, a legal snapper" and a "little law crack." As well, Fabrikant, who pleaded not guilty to all charges while at the same time freely admitting that he killed the four professors, insisted that he had not planned the assassins. He argued that he had been provoked into the killings by deceit and corruption within the engineering faculty. Said Fabrikant in a scathing address before his sentencing: "I have no doubt that these four victims—and I am the fifth one—were sacrificed. It was planned and deliberate, but not on my part."

Fabrikant's bloody message began on a last August afternoon in his own office, where he sat Michael Hughes, 22, an associate professor of biochemistry and a representative of the Concordia faculty association. In the next few minutes Fabrikant killed or badly wounded three engineering professors: Aaron Jani Salzer, 46; Phyllis Rogers 45; and Matthew Douglas 45. Elizabeth Harwood, 68, a secretary in the mechanical engineering department, was shot in the thigh.

Fabrikant then held security guard David Martin and another professor, Gerard Abdus, hostage for about an hour. During this time, Fabrikant talked to the operating

superintendent of the 911 emergency telephone line, Norwood Mayer, telling him that he wanted police to send in a television crew so that he could tell his story live. Fabrikant also told Mayer that "I made several murders here and I want to explain the reason why." When Fabrikant attempted to make another call, Martin and Abdus overpowered him and held him until the Montreal police arrived.

During the trial the jury also heard about Fabrikant's often tense "love relationship with his colleague at Concordia. He told the court that professors in the engineering department signed their names to his research papers even though they did not work on them. When he asked of, he said they occurred to him blindfolded. By doing so, he argued, his colleagues had provided him to murder. He told the jury: "They have blood on their hands."

A number of witnesses testified that Fabrikant had become so ill-greasy that at least one secretary was warned to go home if she saw him entering the faculty parking lot. To intimidate other faculty members, Fabrikant showed them an application to acquire a handgun. He told them that if the weapon training was not provided to his satisfaction, he would solve them through "American style" violence.

Soon after the trial began in March, Martin ordered a hearing into Fabrikant's mental fitness. Two court-appointed psychiatric tests testified that although Fabrikant was delusional, confrontational and paranoid, he understood the charges against him and was fit to stand trial. For his part, Fabrikant insisted throughout the trial that he was sane at the time of the killings. In the end, Martin instructed the jury to charge Fabrikant a requirement that he had been provoked into murder—a defence that if successful, could have resulted in a second-degree murder conviction.

Fabrikant, whose own sensation to the jury was cut off after four days and after he called Martin "twisted," kept up his insulting behaviour to the very end. After the jury filed out of court to decide the verdict, Fabrikant needed all a litany of complaints. When Martin refused to recall the jury the accused levelled yet another epithet at the bench. "If I said you are a baggy would he say he twisted?" And was the judge who ordered the final closing remark. As minutes of the witness faded on, Martin told Fabrikant that "today, your condemnation is finally established as a vicious murderer, a swivelled man pulled up and transformed by the power of the gun into an artificial gun." And with that, Fabrikant was left out of the courtroom—by all appearances, still able to use to the tragic consequences of his actions.

TOM PENNELL with correspondence reports

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WE'LL BE THERE.

A break with custom

The NAC's new leader gears up for the election

The words are spoken softly, but with delicate precision. They flow in the melodious lilt of the Indian subcontinent, home of her ancestors, but with more than just a hint of North London. In her 35 years, Suresh Thobani has travelled many roads—and three continents—before landing in Toronto last month, where she official-

ly began her duties as president of the National Asian Canadian Council on the Status of Women (NAC). But while Thobani's personal style is much more understated than that of her predecessor, Susan July Bekke, she is no shrinking violet. And with a federal election expected within the next few weeks, the new head of the NAC, which claims a membership of three million women across the country, is eager to enter the fray.

"This is a critical year," she says. "On the whole, things are getting worse for women. The choices we make as a society could make us further along this path—or put us in reverse."

From the debate flower of jewelry pinning her left wrist to her delicate blouse, Thobani represents a firm, steady shift from the traditionally white middle-class leadership of the 22-year-old NAC. And it's clear that the fact that she is an immigrant woman of color and a single parent

and that she is the embodiment of the social and political consciousness that range among with the NAC. "I think," she says with a smile, "the organization was looking for a person like this."

Indeed, the pace of Thobani's ascension to the presidency of Canada's most prominent racialized organization has been breathtaking. She ran unopposed for the post at the NAC's annual meeting in Saskatoon on June 6, barely two years after she first joined the organization. She entered Canada on a student visa in 1988, received limited immigrant status in April and eventually to full citizenship in 1993. In 1994, Thobani had her Singaporean wife in the NAC, so that it is her resume, not her race, that qualifies her for the position. "We are breaking a taboo by electing a woman of

color to lead a mixed race organization," says Bekke. "And I think that people think that it must be some kind of passing job because she couldn't have achieved it otherwise."

It is 1979, Thobani's parents and sister Kamra emigrated to Golden, Colo. Thobani remained in England, where she earned a bachelor's degree in social sciences from London's Middlesex Polytechnic. After working at a number of odd jobs, including as a grocery clerk, bookkeeper and secretary, Thobani visited her parents and sister in Colorado in 1985. There, she met the father of her daughter, Sitara, now 8. "I have absolutely no contact with him," says Thobani. "He has had nothing to do with my daughter since she was born." After a brief return to England, Thobani and her infant daughter moved to Colorado in 1986. "I wanted to go to school, and I didn't have much support in London," she explains. "I was just a girl. I was alone. In my sister Kamra, she would help me with my daughter."

Shortly after her arrival in the United States, Thobani's father lost his job as a pipe fitter. Her parents then moved north to Vancouver, where several of her father's brothers had settled in the early 1970s after former Ugandan dictator Idi Amin expelled all Asians from the country. In 1988, now with an M.A. in social sciences from the University of Colorado, Thobani joined her relatives in Vancouver.

"I wanted my daughter to have a sense of family, not just me and her," she says.

Thobani enrolled at Simon Fraser University and started work on a doctoral thesis on the experiences of immigrant women.

But she also became increasingly interested in a variety of minority rights and feminist causes. At a panel discussion on reproductive issues in Vancouver

in November, 1990, Thobani gave an impassioned plea on behalf of immigrant women—many from South Asia—who, she said, were exposed to infertility risks as they toiled in the fruit and vegetable fields of southern British Columbia. "It bothered me that women of color were working with great physical and hereditary health affecting their reproductive capacity, and they were not even part of the debate," recalls Thobani. "We needed to go, look, the problem of infertility is not only that of middle-class white women who can afford \$50,000 for in vitro fertilization. It is also a problem for poor women, for immigrant women who are working in unsafe conditions."

Relatively, she heard Thobani speak in Vancouver was struck by her eloquence and composure. "I remember thinking immedi-

ately that this is a person I'd like to see on the NAC executive. Later, when I started thinking about a replacement, I started knowing it was her."

Thobani was elected to the 24-member NAC executive in June, 1993, and later served as co-chair of the organization's committee on violence against women. She was approached last winter by several B.C. women's groups about running for the \$50,000-a-year Toronto-based job of the NAC president. Initially reluctant because of the pressures the work would place on her personal life, Thobani finally decided to work the office after her family suffered another miscarriage with racism. Her mother was hit last winter by an icy snowball thrown by some white youths as she walked home from her job caring for the sick and elderly at Vancouver's Innercity Agency.

"When she was hit, that made up my mind," recalls Thobani. "Who speaks for women like my mother?"

Thobani's ascension as the NAC president is part of a deliberate—and often divisive—makeover of an organization that was since the passage of professional women. Under a 1986 amendment to the NAC's constitution, one of four vice-presidents and all four membership positions on the body's executive are reserved for women of color, aboriginal women and women with disabilities. In fact, some critics say that the NAC has gone too far in trying to approximate minority women. "The NAC leadership is not as representative as it used to be," says Liberal MP Mary Clancy, who serves on her party's critic on women's issues. "They have taken on the interests of doubly or triply disadvantaged women—and left mainstream women feeling alienated. Of course, disadvantaged women need help, but being a woman in this country is a disadvantage in itself."

Thobani makes no apologies for the NAC's determination to give minority women a higher profile. In fact, one of her key commitments is a federal panel on violence against women, which issued its final report on July 26, is that it failed to adequately address the concerns of minority groups, immigrants and the disabled. She is also scathing in her criticism of what she sees as some of the conservatism that may be holding back women's building one another to give up the need for power and control and to pledge not to be silent. "The whole thing is out of touch with reality," she says. "The timing of this report as a clean election play."

Thobani is a naturally outspoken in her views at Canada's first female Prime Minister, who she says is so broad of heart.

"We can't compare the position is not a victory for us if she does not use her position to help women," she says. "As feminists, we look for feminist positions." It is a litmus test that the NAC's new leader intends to apply to all political parties and candidates in this fall's federal election campaign.

BRIVEN BERGMAN with DANAE ARADY in Toronto



Thobani: "People called me 'Paki.' When you're young, it hurts."

ness. While her grandparents on both sides of the family were originally from northern India, her mother, Rashmi, 52, was born in Tanzania and her father, Nanku, who died of a heart attack at 58 last year, was born in Uganda. Thobani herself was born in Baku, on the shore of Lake Victoria in Tanzania. In 1970, her parents moved to Kenya, then 15, and her two sisters, Meena, 18, and Kamra, 11, to London. "We wanted to make sure the girls had the best possible education," says Nanku.

The family settled in North London, where Nanku, who had worked as an electrician in Tanzania, took a job as a pipe fitter. Thobani started at school—but she also had her first encounter with racism. "Nobody would sit next to me in school," recalls Thobani. "People would call me

'Paki.' When you're young, it hurts."

Thobani was elected to the 24-member NAC executive in June, 1993, and later served as co-chair of the organization's committee on violence against women. She was approached last winter by several B.C. women's groups about running for the \$50,000-a-year Toronto-based job of the NAC president. Initially reluctant because of the pressures the work would place on her personal life, Thobani finally decided to work the office after her family suffered another miscarriage with racism. Her mother was hit last winter by an icy snowball thrown by some white youths as she walked home from her job caring for the sick and elderly at Vancouver's Innercity Agency.

"When she was hit, that made up my mind," recalls Thobani. "Who speaks for women like my mother?"

Thobani's ascension as the NAC president is part of a deliberate—and often divisive—makeover of an organization that was since the passage of professional women. Under a 1986 amendment to the NAC's constitution, one of four vice-presidents and all four membership positions on the body's executive are reserved for women of color, aboriginal women and women with disabilities. In fact, some critics say that the NAC has gone too far in trying to approximate minority women. "The NAC leadership is not as representative as it used to be," says Liberal MP Mary Clancy, who serves on her party's critic on women's issues. "They have taken on the interests of doubly or triply disadvantaged women—and left mainstream women feeling alienated. Of course, disadvantaged women need help, but being a woman in this country is a disadvantage in itself."

Thobani makes no apologies for the NAC's determination to give minority women a higher profile. In fact, one of her key commitments is a federal panel on violence against women, which issued its final report on July 26, is that it failed to adequately address the concerns of minority groups, immigrants and the disabled. She is also scathing in her criticism of what she sees as some of the conservatism that may be holding back women's building one another to give up the need for power and control and to pledge not to be silent. "The whole thing is out of touch with reality," she says. "The timing of this report as a clean election play."

Thobani is a naturally outspoken in her views at Canada's first female Prime Minister, who she says is so broad of heart.

"We can't compare the position is not a victory for us if she does not use her position to help women," she says. "As feminists, we look for feminist positions." It is a litmus test that the NAC's new leader intends to apply to all political parties and candidates in this fall's federal election campaign.

BRIVEN BERGMAN with DANAE ARADY in Toronto

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NEWFOUNDLAND: CAN THE PROVINCE BE SAVED?

The large island stands, with its sheer, heaving cliffs, out of the ocean, a monstrous mass of rock and gravel almost without end, like a stranger thing from the bottom of the great deep, lifted up, suddenly, into sunlight and snow, but belonging to the watery darkness out of which it has been raised.

—American missionary R. T. S. Lowie upon visiting the Azalin Peninsula, Nfld., in the 1860s

Dramatic, unrelenting, Newfoundland's rugged landscape is the perfect backdrop for life as "the Rack." Adventurous Steve explores after exploring Ireland and Greenland, intent to carve out a permanent settlement in their new found land 3,000 years ago. And centuries later, only a handful of established fishing villages existed along the stark coastline. Throughout the 20th century, Newfoundlanders have constantly found their force of will and character tested. Their history is a saga of endurance: their histories also signify survival itself. They have refused to surrender to the ravages of war, fire and famine, countless economic setbacks and the hardships of their unrelenting climate and geography. Yet, even by those standards, the challenges they now face are intense. The optimism among them may thus long, hard years are ahead, while the pessimists warn that the province of Newfoundland and Labrador may be dying. But virtually everyone agrees that the people at the magnitude, inhabiting land have reached a dangerous turning point.

Success is no stranger in Newfoundland, which has seen its fortunes rise and fall with the prices fetched for its fish, timber, minerals and hydro power. But this time is different. The mining and pulp-and-paper industries have long since passed their peaks. The northern oil, which has drawn investors to its oil shore lands since before the explorations of John Cabot 500 years ago, has diminished to the point of disappearance. Other fish species are running scarce. Offshore oil is an uncertain promise. In truth, only a dramatic reshaping of the economy can provide jobs for those laid off from the mines and mills—or for the more than 20,000 fishermen and fish-pilot workers thrown out of work in



Idled fishermen in Petty Harbour; a boy in Trinity watches over a red catfish in another town (opposite)

All Canada holds a critical stake in Newfoundland's struggle for survival

definitely by the suspension of the northern cod fishery on July 2, 1992. "Trying to turn this economy around in the sitting in the dentist's chair for 24 hours a day, 265 days a year," says Claude Harvey, provincial minister of industry, trade and technology. What is to do is a preoccupation of officials in Ottawa as well as St. John's. And the threatening economic pressures are rekindling debate about whether the former British colony's decision to join Confederation in 1949 was good for Newfoundland or not.

In fact, Newfoundland and Canada need each other. For one thing, as Premier Clyde Wells points out, cutting the province's debt would deny Canada the riches in and below a vast area of the North Atlantic. And Wells cites a government study indicating that for every dollar of wealth generated in his province, Canada gains up to 10 times as much revenue as Newfoundland in taxes and reduced expenditures on social benefits (page 28). Beyond material matters, the province contributes its special social and cultural values to Canada.

The challenge facing Newfoundland is already taking its unique social fabric, which shapes its distinct identity and culture. It is an alliance that draws thousands of eager Newfoundlanders, who live "away" for the jobs, back to the province on frequent visits, especially during "Come Home Year" celebrations in their natal communities. Families from here and wide returned this summer for Come Home Days to move their a score of communities, to such vibrant towns as Heart's Delight on Trinity Bay and Bellfleur on the northwest coast, to Hawley, a late-stable former logging town on the now treeless shore of a former coastal timber camp (page 29). Thousands more return to reside elsewhere.

Newfoundland's net loss of population by migration has fallen from a rate of more than 30 per thousand before 1987 to 14 per thousand last year. But this fact remains that there are more departures than returns. Coupled with a 30-year decline in its birthrate from Canada's highest to the lowest, Newfoundland's population, now an estimated 377,000, is

barely growing. The province is just a statistical step away from voluntarily fulfilling a highly controversial economic solution proposed in studies more than 20 years ago—an organized program of emigration. Economists Patrick Caplan, at Memorial University, and his mentor in 1960 at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., argued in those studies that Newfoundland simply lacked the resources to sustain its population. And similar arguments now, if less bluntly stated, centre on whether Canada can afford to continue supporting Newfoundlanders to stay at home, or return home, with such programs as unemployment insurance and the current \$600-million-a-year fishery compensation package.

The debate is far from straightforward. Confederation, obviously, has not brought prosperity. And while the current recession has battered the entire country and the collapse of the fishery rocked all of Atlantic Canada, nowhere do things look as bleak as they do in Newfoundland, which has the country's highest unemployment rate and lowest per capita income. Unless the province can mean itself from its long reliance on natural resources and government support, its very future seems in jeopardy. At best, in the view of Wade Martin, an economics professor at Memorial University, "we're talking about pieces of stagnation."

It could have been worse. Forty-four years after Newfoundland joined Confederation (on March 21, 1949), the monetary benefits to the province are clear. Transfers of money from Ottawa to St. John's under their major federal-provincial programs will provide the Newfoundland government with 45 cents of every revenue dollar this year. And according to a province-by-province "economic dependency" report by Statistics Canada in June, Newfoundland tax filers received the highest level of benefits from Ottawa in 1991—for each \$100 of employment income, an average \$44.96 in federal payments, including unemployment insurance—compared with \$23.03 for Canadian tax filers generally. Said Brian Weisberg, Newfoundland's prime min-

KEEPING THE FAITH

Generations of Fogo Islanders have defied daunting odds

Paul Foley likes them as do Andrew and Agnes McGrath, and three of their children who beat before they reached two years of age. They are among the scores of Foley and McGrath whose names are engraved as white headstones in the Old Cemetery in Povo, a fishing village settled by Irishmen more than two centuries ago on the eastern shore of Fogo Island. "We Irish Irish brought with us the values of their forefathers, generation after generation of fishermen doing out at hand fishing from the sea. But now, Leonard McGrath, 36, and Dan Foley, 31, are on what locals call "the package"—deficit assistance for fisher men and fish-pilot workers three out of work by what was supposed to be a two-year mentorship on northern cod. Recently, Foley and McGrath were leaving him to repair small Fregate boats, a specialist's job at the ill-fated grandchild school in Povo's town. But with no cod to catch, the fishermen they have no idea when they will be able to put those skills to use. "The only thing we're living on," says McGrath, "is hope."

Hope and perseverance—perhaps even a will to defied all daunting odds—through Fogo Island history. But now, the 10,000 residents of the island in northeastern Newfoundland's Notre Dame Bay may be facing their greatest challenge. Some are still employed in the fishery, mainly in cod. But most of Fogo's estimated 650 fishermen and 450 fish-pilot workers are on the package, which pays them \$225 to \$400 a week, depending on past unemployment insurance benefits. In order to get assistance payments, they must take such retraining courses as small business management and boat repair. Meanwhile, the compensation program is set to expire next May, but experts now say that the cod fishery is unlikely to regain before the turn of the century. No one at Fogo wants to leave how the island will survive—without the package is command—until then. "It doesn't seriously think about it," says John Greene, the 64-year-old purchasing manager at the local fishermen's plant workers' cooperative. "Maybe I'm afraid."

Coder means more than time when fisher men worked from dawn until dusk, all summer,

then sold their dried and salted catch to the merchants in the fall. But in 1983, the last of the large merchant left and then-Premier Joey Smallwood agreed to transfer all the residents of Fogo Island as part of a scheme to combine Newfoundland. "I remember when Joey came," says 37-year-old fish-pilot worker Craig Gidens. "I was really scared. The only way of life we knew was fishing. What were we going to do if they played us down in Canada?"

Many supports disappeared during Smallwood's involvement program, that the Fogo Islanders doing tenaciously to their piece of the Rock, and to the way of life it represented. Craig Gidens's wife, Anne, 34, has a photo of her father and grandfather in 1967 at the first island-wide meeting to form a producers' cooperative. From left, he is built holding, to processing fish flesh, the cooperative has expanded and expanded to the changing needs of the fishery while some privately owned plants elsewhere closed down in tough times. "With the co-op we had something a lot of people didn't," says Craig. "We got in 25 years of stability and good living for a lot of us."

Consequently, the one small business white-boards houses in the island's 16 villages look well maintained. There are satellite dishes in

many backyards installed before cable TV arrived in the mid-1980s and a car or truck in front of almost every house. Fishermen who went into debt to buy large boats or fishing gear are having a difficult time making their payments now. But for defender fishermen and fish-pilot workers, in an area where most people build and own their own homes outside, the mentorship package affords a decent income—almost as much as used to make some even more than that, they were making before.

Still, it is more than economics that keeps the residents at home. "You can't compare this life to any other," says Craig Gidens, as he struggles to find words to express his attachment to the island where his great-grandfather settled in the late 1700s. "We've got a very strong sense of home," he adds. The couple have three boys, aged 8 to 15, and, says Anne: "It's the best place you'll ever raise children. There's not a lot of violent crime and there are no big drug trucks around here. The world try to get our kids involved."

But the suspension of the fishery has taken its toll. Seasonal employment alternating with unemployment insurance had become a way of life. Islanders only fished in the summer, while plant workers got 14 to 20 weeks of work in a good year. But the package means to bear a stigma. "I find it a little degrading," concedes Craig Gidens of the 1980 he receives every two weeks. "I'd rather be working for the fish. I'm getting, yes, paying a lot." He adds, "We're really on a long rope." It is a common islander's battle with resentment toward the outside Cana-



Anne Gidens, says Craig: a strong sense of home



Town of Fogo: the devastated fishery has spawned fears for the future

dians who perceive Newfoundlanders as government-dependent layabouts. In fact, there are even tensions on the island between those on the package and those who are not. And there is criticism of a government's priorities that some say discourages people from seeking work. "If I could get \$600 sitting at home, I don't think I'd want to work," says Gerald Freake, 41, a teacher who runs a sole body shop in the summer. "With working people out, there are better jobs, especially if their pay is less" than the package. "On the other

hand," concedes Freake, "a lot of these fisher men would rather be fishing."

Anne Gidens's brother says he would rather be at sea. "When I was fishing, I left at four in the morning and got back in the dark," says Laurie Gidens, 39. "In the winter, there were cold and often in the night, kumpish and Boulder sets to make—every day we had something. One summer, Craig spent all night and all day and got tired of being out and on for lobster and hump. He has taken courses and renovated his kitchen. And he spent 18

TOUTING TOURISM

Thick, smoky fog enveloped Twillingate and New World islands throughout the four-day customer fish, fun and folk festival. Tourists standing on a cliff beside Twillingate's lighthouse could barely glimpse the stormy waves crashing at the base of the rocky peninsula, much less the wharves and the villages that flanked offshore. But visitors knew as far away as Switzerland and Spain ride Cook's 32-foot blue boat out into choppy Nine Mile Bay to take a close look. Others visited Twillingate's museum, intended to reflect local music and lived up at halls and churches for traditional Newfoundlanders' fare. At the Greater United Church's potluck supper, about 120 people dined on fish, dishes prepared by local women. But in a perfect example to the fishery that had sustained Twil-

lingate for hundreds of years, all the cod served at the supper was shipped in from elsewhere in Newfoundland. "I got none from St. John's," says Paul Cooper, a member of the festival committee. "The fish is gone out of Twillingate," he adds apologetically. "But we do our best."

Tourism is Twillingate's answer to Newfoundland's quest for economic diversity. Added by citizens' Paul correct Twillingate and New World islands to the main island, the area attracted about 11,800 of the 264,000 out-of-province visitors to Newfoundland last year. Twillingate, a teacher who runs his last business in the summer, says that he averages 20 tourists a day during his 60-day season. And three out of four do a bank business. "Tourism's certainly made a difference," says resident curator Laura Stokess. But even the town's most optimistic

days in Halifax applying for jobs, to no avail. Still, Collins says that he has too much time on his hands. "The women find it a big strain," he says. "The men are not used to it and they've got to learn to be comfortable because we're not fishing. The best of days when I'm not fit to talk about we think about it May 15th."

The two Twillingate fishermen, McGrath and Foley, say that they are hoping the government will extend financial aid past that date, even if it is reduced. If so, "I can hold out for five years at least," says Foley. "If they close the fishery in 20 years, I'll still have it," insists McGrath. But both, standing on that other isle, are unlikely to continue supporting their or their families—no matter how stable or unique. "The government simply can't afford it," says the cooperative's Greene. "And why should Islanders get different treatment?" That is the question being asked by a house where the well-known as a summer where the tide flows. "Abandoning the island, is not desirable either, but says, when jobs are so scarce on the recession-battered island. "What are they going to do," he muses aloud, "create a total welfare province?"

Many tourists have already fled the island. Christopher Cole is about 15. A tall, lanky 15-year-old enrolled at Memorial University's Gander campus last fall, Cole is working in Fogo's Blackhawk Museum over the summer, showing visitors better chairs and other artifacts from days gone by, old pictures and rusty fish traps. "A lot of young people say they can't wait to go away," says Cole. "I don't want to stay for four years. I just want to go for other things, and I love it here. Fogo Island's got a slow pace to it." But he knows that he will not find employment at home. "I'm not staying," he says. "I'd love to, but I can't." If many others say Cole, there may yet appear a line when the welfare system is in place. "I don't know if it's a good idea when they're living worse no longer going through the generations."

MARK MEMPHIS for Page One

boomers say that tourism will never replace the cod fishery as Newfoundland's primary industry. "To lose our fishery is to lose our culture," says Stokess. "People come here for the traditions. They want to see somebody fishing and piling and hauling in the sea. If the fishery is dead, it's ruined."

And yet there are those for whom Twillingate, its fog and its flourishing fishery add, means as much as life. Among the visitors at the festival were Twillingate natives like Daphne Chisholm, who has spent the past 20 years in Ontario. Chisholm, 50, and her husband, John, 61, recently retired in Ontario. They first came to Twillingate when they were to settle with their two sons and his in Ontario. But as he sits late at the church supper, John Chisholm seems to be leaving (or leaving) every Newfoundlanders has to have his holding ground—the place where a ship's anchor takes hold—where they say. "No matter where you are, we Newfoundlanders all want to come home."

Letter from Howley

'SO GOOD TO SEE YOU'

At the homecoming, moose run loose but the people are all friendly



McLean's graphic artist Eric Legge went home to Howley, Nfld., during his recent vacation, as he does most summers. This summer's visit was special, however, as part of a tradition followed from time to time by most Newfoundlanders: homecoming. Legge's vacation spanned the 10 days of family reunions, meetings with old friends and social events. Legge, 44, left Newfoundland in 1967 to study at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto, where he has lived ever since. When he is back home, visiting his mother this fathered dead last year at 89 and any of his five sisters who happen to be there from homes scattered across Canada, Legge likes to sketch the local scenery in pencil. He sent his portrayal of the driftwood-littered beach on Grand Lake Narrows along with his letter from Howley.

"Are you aware of our moose problem?" the RCMP officer asked my brother-in-law Jim McLean as he handed him the ticket for driving 125 km/h in the 100-km/h zone on the Trans-Canada highway just outside Howley.

"Yes, I heard there was a new record."

"They tried to cross the highway at night, and drove carefully."

The "moose problem" affected many people in 1989. There are over 500 reported accidents every year involving moose in Newfoundland, and this stretch of the highway, which cuts through a forest of spruce, is one of the worst on the island. According to a provincial wildlife biologist, there are as many as 150,000 moose on the island. They are descended from stock imported from Nova Brunswick in 1904 and are loose from a fire-by local fire, in which they later became my brother-in-law's moose now stinks! At night, in total darkness, they can appear suddenly, and a 1,200-lb. moose can demolish a car.

There was no danger that afternoon. But after supper the next night, my sister Ruby, my mother and I took a ride with old friend Jim McLean, who now lives in Pickering, Ont., over to Humberton, in White Bay. There was a fog on the Humberton road and we were about leaving a moose lookout when the car suddenly came to a stop. We got out on the highway. When we started, the brake lights on the car ahead lit up as it swerved from side to side, then pulled over to the shoulder. As we passed, the driver jumped out, waving frantically. We stopped, and my sister said, "Look the doors, don't get up."

"We're in Newfoundland," I said. "This isn't Los Angeles." So Jim and I got out to see what the trouble was.

moose of the people she has met. Cora Prince, who is sitting beside me, calls out to Gail Proulx, but he doesn't know who she is. They play a guessing game for a while and then Cora says, "Gail, who used to make all those cookies for you?"

"Cora Prince," he says, and they hug. It's like this for a lot of people over the next few days. "The never been missed and hugged so much before in my life," said my sister later.

When most of those people had left Howley, it was a much more isolated community and everybody felt like family. There were few telephones or TV sets (my parents bought a tv set when I was 14, and got a telephone after I left home). It was a big event when the room would come to town by taxi and leave in Grand Lake. There was a road race, designated the 43rd, that took Howley to the Trans-Canada. Some Howley people made the 43rd to Clyde Wells, a native of Buchans Junction and the local member of the House of Assembly when the 10-km road was built in 1965. But before that, the town (now gone, the tracks ripped up) was the only way in or out. There were two passenger trains a day. No. 7 from the west in the early afternoon, and No. 2 from the west in the early evening. We would gather at the railway station to watch if a stranger arrived, we would greet.

On Sunday, we go to a memorial service at the Anglican Church, for Anglicans and Catholics, for Howley men killed in war. The Cora Prince family wanted to lead a church service for all denominations, but no church is big enough. The priest has been on loan from the United Church for three years now. Dear Sister St. Michael's Choir performs a song written for the occasion, You Are Part of the Family.

The minister talks about conducting a service in Nova Scotia at which most of the congregation were Newfoundlanders. Newfoundlanders like to stick together. In Toronto, there are Newfoundland clubs, Newfoundland stores and a Newfoundland newspaper, The Downstream, which circulates across Canada.

Michael Deland of Whitecourt, Alta., a childhood friend, located his brother Steve, who lived in the Downstream. There are 18 Deland children, all born in Howley, and to coincide with Howley's Come Home Year they organized a reunion. Their mother, Margaret, gave birth to them, including three sets of twins, in a small eight-year span. After her death, Steve was split up, and as a result, there are various five-year in Toronto working as a cook but, because his father was ill, came back to Howley last year and decided to stay. When I asked him why he had stayed and looked at me as if I had asked him why the sky is blue. "Sure, there's no place like this," he said. "This is home."



Howley took its name from James Patrick Howley, a prospector who made a map of Newfoundland and who was surveying the area for coal in the early 1930s. The town became a flag stop when the first mining was done by the Newfoundland Railway Co. around 1937. It was later settled in the 1930s by loggers who cut wood around Grand Lake and floated the logs. "Year-floats," in boats across Grand Lake, through Deer Lake and then the Humber River to the mill in Corner Brook. Now, the logging is farther afield and the logs are transported by truck.

According to one anonymous account from 1945, on display for Come Home Year, Howley then was one of the most prosperous communities in Newfoundland, with almost no unemployment. It boasted a four-room school with 180 students (the local school now has 42 pupils). It had the only life bridge in Newfoundland, allowing logboats that floated the log boats to cross between Grand Lake and Sandy Lake. The account states: "Howley looks like a town in Holland. There are 50 windmills visible from the railway station. People must generate their own power. It is rumored that a power plant will be installed after the war." (It was, in 1946.)

Although I come home every summer I am still amazed at the friendliness of the people. And one reason, I'm sure, is the lack of stress. Newfoundlanders are so easygoing. After spending the previous 17½ months in Stress City, Ont., it is quite apparent. It is commonplace to go into a store and have the cashier address you as "my love" or "my darlin'." When Jim McLean ordered eggs Benedict for breakfast at the Orchard Inn in Deer Lake, the cook called the off-duty cook at home to find out how to make them. The waitress returned and very respectfully explained that they had found the recipe but couldn't make it because they didn't have any egg yolks. "Would you like me to make them for you?" she asked. In the end, after meeting at old school friend at the Howley Shopping Centre, a general don't run by Ron and Joan Kelly, Jim McLean said: "Some people are so nice, and they don't know it."

On Aug. 1, the 10 days of festivities are drawing to a close. As I walk on to the school field for the closing ceremony, my throat begins to tighten. There is a singing by a local band, Uncle Henry's Bar, playing on the public address system.

The beauty and the freedom to do the things we please, the things we take for granted should bring us to our knees. Just take it over around you, it's not hard to understand why we love a place of heaven right here in Newfoundland.

Remembrance Henshaw, writing from Fort McMurray, Alta., with her husband, Gord, who left Howley 40 years ago, gets up to say a few words. During their stay, Gord's mother died. "I've been learning the names for years—the Kellys, the Stoods—but they meant nothing until now." Her voice broke as she thanked people for their warmth and hospitality, and added: "These moments should be cherished forever."

I found, Karl Kelly, who lives in Jim Kelly's town, who is 25, and spent five years in Toronto working as a cook but, because his father was ill, came back to Howley last year and decided to stay. When I asked him why he had stayed and looked at me as if I had asked him why the sky is blue. "Sure, there's no place like this," he said. "This is home."

Eric Legge (standing), after setting up the three-exposure snapshot of a family picnic during Come Home Year days at Howley. The mother, Jeanne, stands in the middle. From left to right: daughter, Lisa; son, John; and son, Todd. (Photo by Eric Legge.)

THE ROCK IS A HARD PLACE

BY RICK MERCER

Wanted by the police? Being chased by a drug lord? Witnessing more than just a few scraps of Newfoundland and Labrador means you'll have to choose from a variety of modern conveniences, many more complete with cutting-edge wildlife, blubber, and a guaranteed warranty. Move on, pay taxes and nobody will say boo.

Whether or not the province's capital department of tourism adopts a promotional strategy similar to the above seems to be sure. Anything is possible because the provincial government is under a lot of pressure to come up with some sort of solution plan. As a result, jobs, money, and even everything else.

It has long been a quiet Newfoundland expression to say, "I'd like the king out of this," when referring to a child molester or violent minister. Until recently, it was just that, an expression. Roger Grimes (former labor leader turned employment minister) had the dubious honor of witnessing Newfoundland in a quiet collaboration because reality. When faced with a job at early fish plant workers looking for permission to return to work for lower wages, things got ugly. They wanted to hear a "yes," Grimes said, "No," as they looked at him, pushed him and then went for the eyes. One other worker from the town of Carlingford died in the first stage. He'd taken the stress of being out of work and that her nails were hit to the quick. An action in the economy and he would have surely lost his sight.

This is strange behavior for Newfoundlanders. We wrote the book on conflict resolution. If we were an aggressive people, not many programs would live to see a second term and during the 1990s would be a provincial pandemic. But like anywhere, we can only be pushed so far. It's all fair and games until Roger Grimes loses an eye.

We don't want much. We don't expect much. Nobody settled here because of the untold treasures the place has to offer. It's a hard place to live, always has been, always will be and that's the way we like it. Actually it is the way we love it. We know most people in the Western world couldn't back it here for five minutes. That's what keeps us going.



St. John's men working for work; the natives are restless

Newfoundland is where to go to get out of the heat

more exposure on their way to go on being walking with big silly grass on their faces. And we all know that they've got money in their pockets.

The great thing about adventure tourism is that nobody can get in on the ground floor. Since the beginning of time, city slickers have always loved a trip out to the lobster traps with a fisherman. What of them, however, make it way to Ottawa and some strange things were missed. Artists would be made if any fishermen were caught bringing that kind of visitors. Under no circumstances can a tourist get along and see firsthand what they came to see.

Locally, the federal government hasn't figured out a way to make these things, at the same time, to make these operations are nearly in the works on Parliament Hill.

But regardless of any success in alternative employment, there are still thousands of fishermen and their families wondering, "What about us?" A few of them will know some say a few hours a day of their lives have to be gone. Where are they going? I'm not sure. What, I suppose, is a school. They can go to work all day and then drive 30 miles every night to get to work in an awful "Newfie" bar outside the edge of an industrial park.

Yes, the future of my province is in fact grey. There are far too many unanswered questions for my liking. Some people wonder about a massive depopulation conspiracy that is about, how we will all have to be gone by 2025. Anything is possible, I suppose, and this way very well be true. But short of us seeing boards, I can't let the life of me. I mean, we what it would take to get the majority of us to leave. In Newfoundland there are lots of great places to hide.

The Vikings came to Newfoundland and they left because it was too tough for them. That's our history. Everyone else pictures the Vikings as strong, brave, weather-battered explorers, we know them as a bunch of pranks who couldn't handle the cold. It must have been the weather because when they left the cold stocks were in the shape. They had to choose whatever.

It's all part and parcel of the Newfoundland psyche. We've given an outlook for the other long, we're content with the cold. Start looking for the light at the end of the tunnel and you'll end up babbling like an idiot about how there's a great future in exporting American porridge. A proposal to turn our province into a garbage dump for the Eastern seaboard has been in the works for a couple of years now.

See, it means jobs, but you can't blame most Newfoundlanders for pea porridge. The idea. The thought of being America's toilet does little to excite or inspire. We're like the Third World. I suppose we just don't know what's good for us.

It seems like the roadways to nowhere (or nowhere) is a little crowded on the right track. When people from Newfoundland land go on holiday, we go to a big city; it makes sense that a would work vice versa. Those surrounded by an urban sprawl are attracted to wilderness, wildlife, clean air, clear water and a lack of public transportation. Being blessed with a history void of big industry we've got all of those attributes in spades. We're all lured into New York land.



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TO THE RESCUE

THE PLIGHT OF A LITTLE GIRL SPARKS WESTERN ASSISTANCE FOR INNOCENT VICTIMS OF BOSNIA'S CIVIL WAR

Sattered remains. Faded remains. Shattered peace talks. To outsiders the 10-month-old civil war in Bosnia of 1992 seems little more than a remote, unobtainable land in a land far away. But occasionally, for a world grown weary with diplomatic stalemate and never-ending fighting, there emerges a reminder of the war's human face—not the swaggers of generals or the bickering of politicians, but the pain of innocent children.

Last week, five-year-old Irma Hadziromovic was such a reminder. Her body gruesomely disfigured by a recent mortar attack, she flew from the besieged Bosnian capital of Sarajevo on a British relief plane to London, her body gathered around her on an ambulance stretcher. For several days, her Bosnian surgeon, Dr. Edo Japagic, had been in vain to persuade UN officials to fly the emaciated Muslim girl, who sustained severe head, abdominal and spinal injuries, abroad for treatment unavailable in Sarajevo, where electricity, fresh water and medical supplies are in short supply. Frustrated, he took her away to the international media. The attention generated an outpouring of public sympathy and not only help for Irma, but a flood of offers from Western governments—including Canada, Britain, Sweden, Ireland and France—to evacuate her. Bosnia's sick and wounded civilians declared Federal Affairs Minister Perna Beatty: "The suffering of victims in these poorly equipped and over-taxed hospitals has shocked us all."

Beatty and Defense Minister Thomas Doherty announced that, in consultation with UN medical experts, the Canadian Forces will airlift as many as 20 Sarajevo hospital patients needing immediate treatment to Canada. Suitable candidates will arrive, pri-

orities as early as this week. Outlined 707 jet will serve as an ambulance for the evacuation. The Canadian Red Cross will handle arrangements for the patients during their stay, and hospitals in Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario have offered assistance. The federal government has donated \$200,000 more to the Canadian Red Cross Society for emergency medical care in the former Yugoslavia.

The humanitarian action by Canada and other sympathetic nations followed media coverage and public outrage directed not only at representatives of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR), which the US has authorized to approve all medical evacuations from Bosnia, but also at several Western governments. In Geneva, UNHCR representative Sylvain Pua, facing accusations that the relief organization is dragging its feet, concluded that UN bureaucracy sometimes delays transport of the wounded. But he added that individual governments, which must arrange the flights as well as cover the costs of hospital care, were failing to provide enough help.

Private relief organiza-

tions as early as this week.

as a Tintina, Out based 707 jet will serve as an ambulance for the evacuation. The Canadian Red Cross will handle arrangements for the patients during their stay, and hospitals in

sons also turned up the heat. The Toronto-based Bosnian-Canadian Relief Association, for one, which retains volunteer doctors and last week received dozens of telephone calls from people offering cash donations

Red Cross and UN personnel with Bosnian refugees; a doctor attends Irma Hadziromovic (above). Top: the war



and other help, appealed to Ottawa to do more. "Canada has a responsibility to take a leading role in bringing some of these children over," said organization representative Marwan Elshikh. "We have the knowledge and the facilities."

But the evacuation efforts were not universally welcomed. Chris Cushing, a Canadian relief worker with the international aid organization Médecins sans Frontières, questioned the cost effectiveness of the plans. "I am sure the sincerity of the people making this gesture is real, but I don't think they have thought through the whole situation and I don't think they are that familiar with the situation on the ground," said Cushing, who recently returned to Toronto after spending three months based in Sarajevo. "It is very sad, and everyone feels great bringing these poor little kids over to Canada, but the greater need is with the casualty. It seems to me that the money could be much better spent supporting the local health system in Sarajevo." Cushing added that foreign governments must also put more pressure on Bosnia's warring parties to end the fighting. "Technological quick fixes are meaningless and misguided unless you deal with the long- or, and much more difficult, political issues," he said. "If you want to stop the losses, then you've got to stop the war."

That is precisely what special envoys Lord Owen and Thorvald Stoltenberg have been trying to do. But last week in Geneva, peace talks were not on hold as Bosnian Muslim President Alija Izetbegovic returned to came

to the negotiating table, instead accusing Bosnian Serbs of failing to complete a promised truce withdrawal from Mount Bjeljina and Mount Igarka, two strategic points overlooking Sarajevo. And Owen continued that although he had deep reservations about a plan to carve up Bosnia into three sections along ethnic lines, it was probably the most realistic solution. "This is a peace made not in heaven but in hell," he declared.

Meanwhile, NATO ambassadors, meeting in Brussels for the second time in a week, denounced that the Bosnian Serbs, who had effectively shut Sarajevo off from the outside world, left their siege of the city "without delay." And they approved plans for possible Bosnian air strikes to back up their demands. The diplomats from the 16 nations also stressed that any air strikes would be limited to supporting humanitarian relief efforts and must not be interpreted as a decision to intervene in the conflict. And, as requested by Canada, Britain and France, they pushed the attacks' conduct on future sessions by the Serbs as well as other Bosnian factions, and gave UN Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali full authority to approve the strikes. Analysts said that Boutros-Ghali may decide to do so if supplies into Sarajevo are blocked or if civilians are deliberately targeted.

For humanitarian, the attacks cannot come too soon, but Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic warned that any strike would "spoil all chances for peace." That was a prospect that deeply disturbed some relief workers. Marietta Cushing: "If you start to attack the Serbs, they are going to retaliate against US peacekeepers and aid workers, and you can say goodbye to any humanitarian aid coming into Bosnia."

At week's end, a British medical team arrived in Sarajevo to help coordinate the evacuation of 11 sick and wounded civilians already given UN clearance. But team members quickly discovered others—including young children—whose they and would better benefit from immediate evacuation and medical treatment. Among them: a severely wounded three-year-old girl. Privately, team member Dr. Andy MacNeil called her "another Irma."

SCOTT SHEPHERD with correspondents' reports

World Notes

A MAJOR REVERSAL

Opening the door to direct talks with the Palestine Liberation Organization for the first time in Israel's 40-year history, Israeli leaders said that they would meet Palestinian peace negotiators even though they still accused senior PLO officials. Foreign Minister Shimon Peres said that the longstanding new status as a full PLO member would not affect the Middle East peace talks scheduled to resume at the end of August. The negotiators are from the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, but the PLO, which has called for the destruction of Israel, has directed the peace team behind the scenes.

THE POPE SPEAKS OUT

On his third visit to the United States, and during his first meeting with President Bill Clinton, Pope John Paul II reaffirmed the Roman Catholic Church's anti-abortion stance, telling his Denver audience that Americans should "defend life." But the pontiff appeared to tone down his rhetoric to avoid embarrassing Clinton, who has received keen on abortion counseling in federally funded clinics and an federal research using fetal tissue.

A 'WOMEN' WAR

In a clear break with the silence of his predecessors, Israeli's new prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, described his country's role in the Second World War as "aggressive" and "wrong." Netanyahu said a news conference that his new coalition government was considering ways of extending a comprehensive apology to all Jewish people.

DIRTY WARFARE

A top official of the World Health Organization projected that, by the end of the decade, the number of people infected with HIV, the virus that causes AIDS, would increase to more than 30 million from 14 million now. Still, with eight million deaths projected by the end of the century, Dr. Michael Merson added that a multibillion-dollar prevention program could save half of those lives.

STICKED TO HIS GUNS

On a visit to California, Cuban President Fidel Castro received little praise from European and Latin American politicians to resign or face multiple elections. But the unrepentant Castro, 66, said that he would never abandon his commitment to communism, to develop that part of the world has rejected in recent years.

Mystery illness and the Gulf War

Ailing veterans of the 1991 campaign demand compensation

During the final two months that Paul Sullivan served in the Gulf War, he became convinced that the nightmareish environmental conditions were a far greater threat to his health than enemy soldiers. The horror of northern Kuwait and southern Iraq where the specialist was stationed was the U.S. Army's 1st Armored Division was surrounded by blizzards of white sand slightly by retreating Iraqi forces. The ground on which Sullivan and fellow soldiers stood was sodden with craters of fuel gathered in puddles over the next day and night, the air was thick with black, acid smoke from the burning wells. The base was so close that Sullivan could see the flames he could not see as far as a mile in front of his face. Declared Sullivan, "I don't take a look at anything to figure out we were in the middle of something horrible."

Sullivan, 36, is one of about 650,000 active duty and reserve U.S. troops who served in operations Desert Shield and 1991 and Desert Storm in early 1991. And he is among the known 11,000 veterans who say that they have developed a wide variety of unexplained ailments that U.S. TV reporters first dubbed Gulf War syndrome. Now a political science graduate student at Georgia State University in Atlanta, Sullivan has been diagnosed with chronic headaches, chronic sinusitis and a moderate restriction in lung capacity. Tests show that he has been exposed to asbestos, and he has had multiple attacks of hives causing his neck and ear lobes to erupt in painful swelling.

He is badly convinced with some others who say that they are unable to hold jobs and have been forced to sell their homes and abandon their savings. Some are hospitalized, a few have died from cancer—and there is at least one case at a Gulf War veteran shelter in a child with severe birth defects. In almost every instance, the soldiers are long-time disability recipients because the government maintains there is no proof that their condition is connected with Gulf War service. Complicated Sullivan: "The government wants to think this all happened in water space."

The so-called Gulf War syndrome directly echoes the Vietnam War-era Agent Orange controversy that has led to new laws. Settled, 20 years after the notorious herbicide was last used. It took 10 years of bitter debate and separation before the veterans aid claims department finally halted Agent Orange

to nerve damage and a variety of cancers.

At the forefront of the current campaign to obtain treatment and compensation is the three-million-member American Legion of armed service veterans. Its legislative director in Washington, Steve Robertson, is not only a Desert Storm veteran, he also claims to suffer from the syndrome. Robertson, 43, was a military policeman with the National Guard before being called up for four months

Among the most common symptoms of so-called Gulf War syndrome are debilitating fatigue, diarrhea, hair loss, bleeding gums, itching sores, insomnia, sore throat and rashes. While Robertson and Sullivan are typical of the majority of those affected, there are individual clinicians who suffer even worse symptoms.

• Gary Zinsman, 33, of Waco, Texas, returned from the war reporting severe fatigue, a racing heart, shortness of breath and muscle pain. His condition has steadily deteriorated. At first, military doctors diagnosed stress, acute depression and asthma. Since then, Zinsman has had bleeding in his spinal column and urine. Now, his immune system is so weak that he must live in a germ-free "bubble."

• Paul Hanson of Hopewell, N.C., has reported lingering Gulf War symptoms. His son, Jason, born within a year of the son's return from the Gulf, has no arms. Hanson and his wife, Connie, have no family history of birth defects. Says Hanson: "The military only get angry and say the Gulf War had nothing to do with Jason's condition."

• Army specialist Michael Jelenek, 32, of Omaha, Neb., died on April 23, 1992, 11 months after returning from Operation Desert Storm. He had multiple cancers. His mother, Hester Alcock told Madsen: "My son's very last words to me were, 'Mama, fight for me. Don't let this happen to another soldier. Don't let this be another Agent Orange.'"

The actual creation of the veterans aid claims department and the Pentagon was to downplay the syndrome as psychological, even baneful. Indeed Maj. Gen. Ronald Black, commander of the Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, told Congress this summer that "immune evaluation and thorough epidemiological investigations have failed to show any causality of exposure or confounding diagnosis to explain these symptoms."

But politicians are taking up the cause. Fearing that he "will not tolerate a Persian Gulf version of Agent Orange," Representative Louie Gohmert, an Texas Democrat and chairman of a House veterans affairs subcommittee, has introduced legislation authorizing the department to provide medical care for Gulf War veterans without forcing them to prove that their ailments are the direct result of war service. The bill has already passed



Ailing forces entering Kuwait; Zinsman and wife (below) suffer of the Vietnam War-era Agent Orange controversy

the House, is expected to pass the Senate in September and could be law by October.

The creation of a so-called Gulf War syndrome means a mystery. The American Legion provides a wide list of possible symptoms: fatigue, burning at night, contact with cold air, insouciance, problems that were already spread over all military vehicles in

the desert, smoke from burning landfills, insect bites and poor sanitary conditions. Says Dr. Thomas Randolph, a Chicago-area internist and founder of the American Academy of Environmental Medicine: "I have examined some of the Gulf War veterans and I am convinced that environmental conditions in the Gulf could be responsible for their diseases."

However, firefighters in Kuwait, none of the people most likely to be affected by prolonged exposure to oil fires and other harsh environmental conditions, report so few effects. Jason Jelenek, operations manager of Calgrey-based Safety Zone, and that none of his company's crew members, 60 of whom spent as much as seven months fighting Kuwaiti oil fires, have complained of any medical symptoms.

U.S. and other officials are investigating another possible syndrome cause: depleted uranium. Used by the Pentagon to coat some artillery shells and tanks, depleted uranium is so hard that it protects tanks

from enemy fire and allows on-board cannons to smash through armor plate. However, on impact, it releases particles of radioactive uranium dust. The defense department claims that only 62 American soldiers were exposed to uranium dust and that none of them show any adverse symptoms. Still, veterans' groups openly

worry that many more could have been exposed and are now suffering ill effects. In Britain, a political row has broken out over allegations that the defense ministry is covering up evidence of alleged Gulf War syndrome. Last month, under pressure from opposition critics and the news media, British Forces Minister Jeremy Hantsley admitted in the House of Commons that British

troops were not properly advised about the dangers of radioactive contamination from depleted uranium shells. But he still insists that there is no evidence of a link between veterans' ailments and their Gulf duty. More than 30 British war veterans have been treated in military hospitals, many of them for lung and kidney problems—both of which can be symptoms of exposure to depleted uranium. And a British charity, Trauma After Care Trust, says that 600 former servicemen and women have contacted it in confidence claiming to be suffering from diseases following their Gulf service.

In Washington, Congress has authorized annual expenditures of \$200,000 over the next 10 years for epidemiological studies of diseases experienced by Gulf War veterans. But it is unlikely that there will be any quick cures. Says the legion's Robertson: "I have talked with a lot of syndrome victims, and we all have this terrible feeling of neglect. The military seems to think that we're after a handout. They think this is some kind of scam to get money from the government. It's ridiculous. We only want our health back."

WILLIAM LEWTHWAITE in Washington and DAN MATTING in London



Robertson: "We only want our health back."

duty to Saudi Arabia. Within 10 days of arriving there, he developed acute fatigue, aching joints, hot and cold flashes, diarrhea and a cough. No army doctor diagnosed the flu and prescribed antibiotics. But Robertson's symptoms were just as acute when he returned to the United States. Military doctors told him that the sudden change in lifestyle was probably responsible, and predicted that he would soon be fit. Five months later, when he was still sick, Washington's Walter Reed Army Medical Center sent him to a psychiatrist. "They and my medical problems were all in my head and were due to post-war anger and frustration at being deployed in the Persian Gulf," says Robertson. "I told them to take a hike." Now, 26 months after leaving Saudi Arabia, Robertson still suffers from aching joints and occasional bouts of fatigue.



Zinsman and wife

INTO THE MAJOR LEAGUES

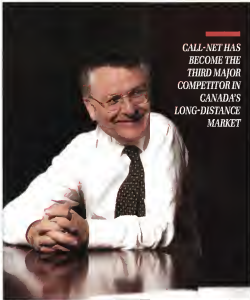
Jim Koor was supposed to be relaxing in the warm sun of California's Napa Valley wine country, not laughing with investors in a shiny Toronto office. But despite his lack of interest in wine, and his need for a break after 18 months of hectic activity, there is one temptation that Koor, the chief executive officer of Call-Net Telecommunications Ltd. of Toronto, says that he can never resist: a good business deal. So when it became apparent that his company was close to conducting three months of intense negotiations with Sprint Corp. of Kansas City, Koor postponed his vacation plans repeatedly. On Aug. 4, Call-Net signed an agreement that establishes a role in the middle of a major league competition for Canada's recently deregulated long-distance telephone business. "It's a case where," said Koor, a Toronto-based telecommunications consultant, "Call-Net becomes a serious player in the Canadian market and expands its potential for new business."

The first transaction between Sprint and Call-Net, valued at potentially more than \$100 million over the next 18 years, is the third "strategic alliance" between a Canadian and a U.S. telephone company. Already, United Communications Ltd. of Toronto has concluded a deal with American Telephone and Telegraph Co. of New York, and Bell Canada Inc. has teamed up with Nix Communications Corp. of Washington. According to its industry experts, Bell Canada's historic dominance of the telecommunications sector and a widely scattered population, which is less efficient and more expensive to serve, have contributed to a significant lag in Canada's telecommunications technology and services. In a recent issue, federal regulators opened the \$1.5-billion long-distance telephone market to competitors in June, 1990, there has been a scramble to upgrade facilities and reduce prices to secure market

share under the new rules. So far, such companies as Call-Net have successfully acquired access to the latest technology by entering into closely cooperative U.S. telephone utilities—which have been deregulated for a decade—the opportunity to join forces and enter a continental-wide telephone network in the world's largest free-market trade zone.

For Canadian companies, the nineteenth-century presence of Call-Net in the long-distance arena ensures that "we like the entire business, market deregulation will not devolve into a narrow, deeply entrenched of United and Bell. Although Call-Net has focused on the small and medium-sized business segment of the telephone industry to date, it is now poised to expand quickly into the lucrative large business and residential markets. In exchange for a 25-percent equity stake and royalties, Call-Net has for sale all of Sprint's technology and marketing expertise. Notes Koor: "Right now, there's a window for companies to grab long-distance market share in Canada. But the industry is maturing fast and we have to act now."

By the fourth quarter of this year, Koor says, Call-Net will be established in the \$3-billion-a-year residential long-distance market—aided by a generous advertising budget and the popular appeal of Sprint's official representative, actress Candice Bergen. The



Koor: "You have to pounce when the deal is there."

company also expects to have a focused number of major corporate clients in the near future. In that market, where telecommunications costs are typically the highest operating expense after rent and salaries, the wireless unit is already being awarded. Declared Joseph Schmidt, president of the Canadian Business Telecommunications Association, a lobby group representing 348 major businesses: "For telecommunications customers, this new alliance, unless deregulation much more and we're delighted to see the market opening even further."

For 1991, Call-Net is clearly expecting great things from the new association. By the end of 1991, the company is forecasting a base of 30,000 customers and revenues of

CALL-NET HAS BECOME THE THIRD MAJOR COMPETITOR IN CANADA'S LONG-DISTANCE MARKET

to cross operations. On last separate occasions, the federal cabinet intervened directly to save Call-Net. The Conservative government was at that time, caught between two conflicting policy decisions: the commitment to competition and small-business development on one hand, and the urge to ensure a stable, affordable national telecommunications system on the other.

By 1991, although the action of deregulated long-distance markets was accepted as the solution to that conflict, Call-Net was left battered by its struggle to survive. Encouraged by expensive legal and regulatory battles and the effort to establish itself in a capital-intensive sector, the company was an overcapitalized and, no longer able to borrow money from banks, it was reliant on a group of private investors, including Koor. Despite their support, however, the company lost \$5 million on revenues of \$89.7 million and posted a working capital deficit of over \$11 million in 1991.

Then, in the fall of 1991, Koor took the reins at Call-Net and set about restructuring and re-financing the beleaguered operation. He assembled a new team of senior managers and sales representatives. Early in 1992, Call-Net raised \$20 million in private equity and debt financing to restore its balance sheet as a prelude to an initial public offering of shares.

Following by the CRTC's decision in June, 1992, to deregulate long-distance markets, Call-Net raised \$33 million through an over-subscribed issue of 2.5 million shares. Three months later, the company raised another \$31 million through an issue of stock warrants. In March, 1993, it used the capital to pay \$95 million for Bell Canada Telecommunications Group Ltd. of Toronto. The same month, it spent \$55 million to acquire the long-distance business of Cable & Wireless Canada Inc. "We didn't plan to grow quite so fast," said Koor. "But you have to pounce when the deal is there."

Despite the emphasis on steady expansion and privatization in Call-Net's business, Koor says that he is being extremely vigilant about controlling costs and reducing waste. In 1992, despite an 800 percent growth in sales, the company's operating costs fell to 27.5 percent of revenue from 32.5 percent. Notes Koor: "We're working hard to stay lean and responsive—no way to get fat that we're trying to prove that we go."

To build on the new alliance with Sprint, Call-Net is now planning to raise another \$100 million in equity and to expand its board of directors. A listing on the NASDAQ Stock Exchange in New York City and closer ties to the major U.S. institutional investors are also on the horizon, according to Koor. The company's affiliates is keeping an eye on other potential acquisitions to build its national customer base. But last week, after the latest delay of activity at Call-Net, Koor was planning to take his vacation at last.

DEBORAH M. MATHIAS

Business Notes

THE DOLLAR TAKES A DIVE

The Canadian dollar fell a six-year low against the U.S. dollar when it tumbled more than a full cent in two days last week. It closed the week at 70.66 cents (U.S.), down 137 cents from the week before. Analysts blamed the drop on currency speculators, who dumped the Canadian dollar as world markets because of concerns over the coming federal election and the narrowing of Canadian U.S. interest rate spreads. A tighter spread makes the Canadian dollar less attractive to international investors. The spread narrowed after the Bank of Canada dropped the bank rate to a 28-year low of 4.25 percent.

A RELATED DEPARTURE

The Ontario Court of Appeal upheld a lower court ruling that there are no grounds to dissolve the Toronto-based Gemini reservation system. PWA Corp. of Calgary, which operates Gemini in partnership with Air Canada and a group of other airlines, had asked the courts to declare Gemini insolvent. That would have enabled PWA to leave Gemini and secure a critical \$24-million investment from AMK Corp., the Dallas-based parent of American Airlines. As part of the proposed deal, Canadian Airlines must join AMK's Sabre reservation system. PWA may now appeal in federal court.

SHIP-SLIDING AWAY

Following a drop in manufacturing production and shipments during April and May, Canada is in danger of falling back into a recession, according to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association (CMA). According to a recent study, 34 percent of manufacturing firms expect production to decline over the next three months, the highest rate since the recession began in 1989. Also last week, the Canadian Retail Institute Association announced that the first two weeks of modest gains, home retailers in Canada's 25 major markets declined in July, down 46 percent from the same months of 1989. Last year for the first six months of 1989, sales were down 8.8 percent from the same period in 1988.

NEW TOP WATCHDOG

Ontario Premier Bob Rae named Toronto securities lawyer Edward Walters, 38, as the new chairman of the Ontario Securities Commission (OSC). Walters, a former member of the Toronto Stock Exchange's Securities Board of Wright, who stays down at the end of the month.

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BUSINESS

A corporate diet

CP slims down by selling off the forests

There was little festive accompanying last week's stock announcement: But Canadac Pacific (CP) Ltd. of Vancouver is selling its 60.7-per-cent stake in Canadian Pacific Forest Products Ltd. to a group of underwriters for \$687.5 million. Still, the statement marked the end of an era. CP has traditionally served as a proxy for the Canadian economy, especially among foreign investors, because its widely diversified holdings offer exposure to all key economic sectors. With the divestiture of forest products from that mix, the company suddenly forgoes that proxy status. But, as the company's chairman, William S. Stinson, follows through on his strategy of streamlining CP and narrowing its focus on fewer assets, forest products may be just the first in a series of sales that will change the shape of the sprawling company. In addition to its historic railway and landmark hotels, CP still has significant investments in the diversified energy sector, real estate, telecommunications and waste management. As Stinson told *Maclean's* in a recent interview: "We want to trim our revenues and slim down.

You can only support so many businesses." CP Forest Products was clearly in need of parental help. As global commodity prices have lagged, the pulp, paper and lumber company has lost about \$1 billion since 1990—including \$248 million in 1992 and \$612 million in 1991. In January, it suspended payment of its \$100-million dividend to shareholders—including CP. Over that same period, CP Forest has also spent more than \$1 billion to modernize and rationalize its facilities and to comply with increasingly stringent environmental regulations. CP's codified forests in problems child has been apparent over the past year as it has steadily divested its stake in the company from 79.7 per cent to the current level by not participating in CP Forest's past two share offerings. Even though CP is reducing its forestry assets over the losses of an industry cycle, Richard Keates, senior forest products analyst with Michael McCauley Inc. in Montreal, says, "They [CP] put pressure—they don't see things turning around soon."

While lumber prices have strengthened dramatically over the past several months,

world prices for pulp and paper have remained depressed. More than 80 per cent of CP Forest's 1992 revenues of \$3.8 billion came from sawmills and wood pulp products.

The company had already attempted to capitalize on the lumber boom by selling off 49 per cent of its British Columbia lumber business in a separate subsidiary in July. That initiative raised \$230 million. Even so, analysts expect that CP Forest will lose more than \$300 million in 2003. "Nobody at CP Forest is doing anything terribly wrong," said one forestry analyst who asked not to be named. "They have just had to deal with really horrible commodity prices."

In the official announcement of the CP Forest divestment, Stinson stated: "We have concluded that CP Forest does not fit into our core business strategy." Just which of the company's extensive assets is considered to be "core" is not yet apparent, although Stinson told *Maclean's* that "a thorough analysis" of the competitive position of all CP's holdings is under way. He indicated, however, that both energy sectors and railways were likely to be retained and bolstered over time. But

Canadian Petroleum Ltd. and Potlatch Coal Ltd. both of Calgary, he noted, "are in a strong position in Canadian terms and world terms." He added, "They've proven that they can grow and be rewarding to shareholders." Stinson also said that, despite recent problems with CP Rail, "The Americans have proven that rail can be a very profitable business."

Because of the company's financial situation and the large number of shares being sold, CP Forest is being sold to investors using "assignment receipts." That format has become popular in the investment industry over the past year as other major companies, including Noranda Forest Inc. and Inco Inc., have sold major subsidiaries into public markets. The CP Forest shares have been priced at \$19 each, but investors will be allowed to pay that amount over a series of three instalments—\$5 initially, followed by \$4.50 on Sept. 30, 1994, and \$4.50 on Sept. 30, 1995. That strategy allows CP to steady up a large block of shares into the market by appealing to both retail and institutional shareholders. For a cash investment of only \$5, they have a call on CP Forest shares and can profit from any price appreciation with out paying the full \$19 price tag.

In addition, over the past six months, there has been a significant increase in the volume and variety of forest products stocks available to Canadian investors. In February, Noranda Forest sold a 49-per-cent interest in MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. of Vancouver to the public for \$873.5 million. That transaction also used assignment receipts. Last week, Stone Container Corp. of Chicago, which acquired Caswell/Donaldson-Bathurst Inc. for \$2.6 billion in 1990, announced that it was planning to take part of its wholly owned Quebec subsidiary public in October to reduce its \$2.4 billion debt load.

For Canadian investors—especially pension funds and money managers who are required to invest the bulk of their assets domestically—the release of these companies from controlling shareholders is welcome. For pension, domestic and foreign investors have complained about the high degree of corporate concentration in Canada that can make it difficult to obtain large volumes of a stock or to trade it without causing volatility in the market. And if Bill Stinson takes another step in his strategy and sells more from CP's asset base, they may soon have reason to applaud again.

BYRONNE MCNEIL/STAFF and
ANDREW FERGUSON in Toronto

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TASTE



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The humiliation of Quebec Inc.

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Not so very long ago, Quebec businessmen were known. If they weren't because business, they've certainly lost their luster and turned out to be just as unhelpful to economic progress as their counterparts in English Canada.

But there's an important difference: The leaders of English-Canadian cities gleaming in commerce are currently victims of the dismal economy or their own incompetence. In French Canada, because they became such highly admired role models, the failure of some of the province's highest-flying businessmen has come to a worse cultural as well as economic shock. The new class of Quebec business tycoons—nearly trained at the University of Montreal's Ecole des hautes études commerciales and until recently venturing the world over—were natural successors to the province's original elite of bishops and notaries. And their failures are becoming as notorious and well known as their successes and intellects were before.

Now, the economy is in traction and its private sector leaders are stumbling over each other in the rush to bankruptcy courts. The latest and most spectacular failure was Claude Champagne's a-canceled dream of building the Ameriquest Group of over 100 companies out of a world-class financial institution. Minister of social welfare in Robert Bourassa's first administration in 1970 and father of the province's health care system, Champagne became a kind of patron saint for Montreal's business elite, a man of confidence who could vouch for a huge one-stop money machine. Although the Laurentian Group generated revenues of \$2.6 billion last year, the conglomerate's profits were minimal and its real estate investments proved to be disastrous, as did its insurance arm. There were so many internal weaknesses and the balance sheets looked so bad that earlier this month Laurentian was sold into the Desjardins Group (the maximum profit came from Montreal).

Only a month before there occurred the

Montreal's economy is in traction, and its once-proud leaders are stumbling over each other rushing to bankruptcy courts

spectacular fall from grace of Bertin Nadine, the eloquent and imperious chairman of Unigros Inc., the multinational company whose stock price hit \$15 million in 1980 as Canada's seventh-largest company, with annual revenues of \$2 billion, Nadine operated at the very centre of Montreal's business establishment, not only occupying some of its most important boardrooms but using his own firm's board of directors to bring together some of its most important players. After graduating from l'Ecole des hautes études commerciales, he went on to earn an MBA from Harvard University and a PhD in business administration from the University of Indiana. Decked out in his Gucci Armani suits, Nadine cut a dazzling silhouette, speaking out for free trade, feminism and any other cause that struck his fancy. But in the process of building up his empire, Nadine accrued overwhelming debts, including a \$115-million bank junk bond and derivatives worth \$45 million that this winter that he couldn't honor. His holdings in the Prévost and Leob grocery chains, which made up the bulk of Unigros's assets, were acquired in a money bailout by the Caluso de capital placement de Quebec last March.

The most spectacular bankruptcies occurred two summers ago, when Raymond Laurendeau's \$2.2-billion Group Enamel Ltd. hit the road. A vain paragon of a man who boasted publicly about getting contracts by bribing Third World officials, Laurendeau built up his aggregation of 70 industrial companies during Lauder's brief foraging into the country's largest engineering firm, completing 680 projects in 112 countries. For a time, he was the New Quebec's most admired and most coveted business leader. Attendance at his corporate Christmas parties they were hosted by a surprising line of men: Laurendeau himself was the dignitary. But his audacious went too big for his britches and, even though the Quebec government, at the last minute, advanced him a loan of \$55 million, Laurendeau it would lose the funds. His firm filed for bankruptcy, leaving \$800 million in debts.

A more recent scandalous involved Raymond Malenfant, a Montreal entrepreneur with the self-confidence of a tight-wire acrobat, he once owned 17 hotels (including Winstone's Pier Gary and the Monte Richelieu at Pointe-aux-Lois), shopping centres and apartment buildings, worth \$900 million in all. Malenfant amassed debt of \$150 million and could never make enough profit to pay it off. In two years of court battles, he attempted to raise more than 300 separate lawsuits to save of bankruptcy. At one point, he offered creditors free rooms in his hotels and to jump up his wages (one anecdote had his clerk come longer than five hours of himself in bed as hotel lobby display).

Some of the other, less spectacular, belly flops have included the setback by the Redford family of their fine-pipe outfit in Kingston Falls, Que.-based Canadian Inc. (The outfit had been in the family for 113 years but recently started to lose money.) Two other pulp mills owned by Redford, the province's own forestry company, were shut recently after swallowing \$200 million in taxpayer funds. Raymond Laurendeau, once a federal Liberal cabinet minister, has seen the value of his companies, which operate under the umbrella of Industrielle Alliance Life Insurance Co., slash to near zero. The Banque Nationale du Canada, the sixth member of Canada's Big Five, has been struggling to stay afloat, deeply indebted by two risky loans to Robert Champagne and the Bruchmans brothers. (Those two loans cost more than \$500 million in write-offs.) At the same time, Woody's rising service recently dropped Quebec and Yvelin Quebec lands a notch to All from AAS. That was their first downgrade in 13 years and leaves the great presence at the same doubtful credit line as New Brunswick and Manitoba.

Montreal's non-French companies are also suffering. Northern Telecom, traditionally Bell Canada's top international carrier, showed a \$1.2-billion second-quarter loss. Norbert's, once Montreal's most profitable grocery chain, is history. Longue Property Consultants, the city's largest real estate firm, went belly-up in January. The Ritz-Carlton had to be rescued by a German hotel chain.

All in all, not a pretty picture.

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Unmarried...with children

Quebecers pass up marriage for common-law relationships

Charles Plante still remembers her as the pretty girl with the dark eyes who used to stop in late to their first-year law class at the University of Montreal. Her relationship blossomed into romance and, in 1978, Plante and Louise Cyr began sharing an apartment. Twelve years later, when they both had steady jobs and felt secure about their futures, they decided to start a family. First came Christopher, now almost 3, and then David, now 14 months. Both boys were baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, with family and friends in attendance and large, joyful celebrations afterward. But as David bowed on his father's knee last week at their home in St-Hubert, near Quebec City, the couple explained that, while they hope to grow old together, they feel no need for church approval of their union. "For us, marriage has no value," said Cyr, a 35-year-old Crown prosecutor. Plante, 33, a workplace health-and-safety counsellor, said she would be enjoying going to other people's weddings, but she always feels a bit alone when the priest begins to list the ways in which spouses are expected to suffer and sacrifice for one another. "It's almost like a lie," she said. Plante "can't believe the duties they impose on ourselves."

Neither spouse, can a lot of other Quebecers. Among the province, Quebec has by far the highest rate of common-law relationships—15 per cent of all couples, compared with the national average of 11.3 per cent. And Quebecers are far more likely than other Canadians to have children out of wedlock. 36 per cent of all first-born Quebec children are born to unmarried parents, compared to 30 per cent across Canada. The statistics, experts say, underscore a profound social shift. "Quebec has a very different attitude towards traditional life marriage and the family," said Jean Duran, the head of current demographic analysis at Statistics Canada. "The rest of Canada has not been able to match our traditional."

Not as traditional as it used to be. In 1968, law made divorce easier across the country, but there were other factors in Quebec. Laws passed in 1981 granted rights to illegitimate children and forced women to use their



Belanger and Blais with their daughter, Yvonne. "We took it one day at a time."

maternal reasons on legal and financial documents even after marriage. And the Quiet Revolution of the late 1950s and early 1960s led to the rejection of the Catholic Church's dominant role in the province's social life. "We couldn't deny what is happening," said Denis Duss, a 32-year-old priest from Quebec City. "That would be like looking out the window at a rainy day and saying, 'What a lovely day!' But we do not condemn, either. We are rather like parents who can no longer control their grown children."

Lise Fortin, 32, and Yves Gauthier, 36, who live in Wakehamville in the Gaspésie with their two children, both felt strongly that marriage, and its religious trappings, were not for them. "We believe in God," said Fortin, "but we are not churchgoers."

Stephane Séguin, a psychology professor at Laval University, says that there is a growing acceptance about institutions in general. "It is as though we've lost hope that marriage will protect us—that a church service

will make a difference in the long run," said Séguin. "First, people lost faith in the church, then in the government. Now, there is a deep distrust of all things institutional. It is the economically devastated Gaspésie region, fully 56 per cent of all couples live in common-law unions. 'Just as they no longer believe they will ever have steady jobs,'" Séguin said. "They no longer believe that romance will last forever."

As the number of unmarried couples has increased in Quebec—from 15 per cent of all couples in 1991 down to 12 per cent in 1990 and eight per cent in 1985—some experts have become concerned that people do not understand the legal consequences of their actions. Before 1981, children in common-law unions could not inherit from their parents. Now, they have all the rights of those born to married parents. But unlike Ontario, which imposed legal obligations on common-law couples in 1978, Quebec laws still do not protect the unmarried adult partners. If one dies

without having written a will, the estate is inherited by that person's family or children—or, if he or she has none, no matter how long the couple lived together. And Quebecers, aware of common-law law, are unlikely to receive any compensation, such as alimony, in the event of separation. Said Lucie Desrosiers, a member for Quebec's Lower St. Lawrence in the House of Commons, "There are many people out there who are living in illusion."

Still, the council supports the Quebec government's decision to leave common-law unions unrecognized. "Sometimes people choose very consciously not to get married for very profound reasons," said Desrosiers. "We do not want to remove their ability to choose." Sometimes, however, the reasons are as little as the least bit of prelude. According to Lucie Séguin, studies show that 25 per cent of unmarried couples do not even discuss their decision to live together. "It just happens," said Séguin. "Someone leaves a toothbrush one night, then an article of clothing and before they know it, they're living together."

Montrealers Sylvain Blais, 31, a life-insurance broker, and Daphne Bélanger, 29, a graduate student, decided to live together on the spur of the moment. Bélanger was looking for an apartment and, said Blais, "my roommate was moving out. So I said to Daphne: 'Why not?' At the time—1990—they did not know if they would be together forever. "We took it one day at a time," said Bélanger. Later, the couple talked of marriage, but when Bélanger became pregnant with Yvonne, now 2, things changed. They say that they were reluctant to sign a wedding while coping with a pregnancy. Now, as they scrape to afford a monthly mortgage payment and renovate their first home, a wedding seems like a luxury they can't afford. Blais says that his family was concerned about the costs of caring for the baby. But in the Montreal area, more than one-third of all couples are unmarried. "I am people around disliking legal children of unmarried parents around here," said Bélanger. "They'd be in a pretty small minority."

In St-Hubert, Cyr recalls how different things were for her own parents, who have also never married. Cyr said that they lost a secret as well as a bond by separating. "As far as I can remember, I always knew my parents were not married," said Cyr. "I never brought it up at school. I wasn't about to draw attention to it." Now, she says she and Plante have no such fears for their own children. "After all," said Plante, "they have two parents who love each other and love them." And that, he says, should be enough for anyone these days.

NANCY WOOD in Montreal



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Jodeli and Annela after their ordeal: "I couldn't let anyone hurt my granny"

Profile in courage

A schoolgirl wins praise as a local hero

Annela Peter Paul was sleeping soundly at her grandmother's home in Scotchcote, P.E.I., when she was awakened by loud, prolonged knocking at the front door. An 11-year-old Grade 6 student, Annela got up, turned on a couple of lights and water her 60-year-old maternal grandmother, May June Jodeli. It was 3:30 a.m. on Aug. 4, and Scotchcote, a tiny Micmac Indian village 25 km southeast of Charlottetown, lay in almost total darkness. Still drowsy and a little nervous, Annela answered the door and encountered a dishevelled-looking young woman, who asked to use the phone. "She dialled and talked about 10 minutes to someone," Annela recalled. "Suddenly I felt really scared. The woman was crying, getting really upset."

So began a tale of terror and courage and love, one that left Annela badly wounded and earned her a hero's welcome when she returned to Prince Edward Island last week to Annela and her grandmother, who had been sitting nearby and said that she felt like killing someone. Jodeli—58, 180 lb. and suffering from severe arthritis—tried to reach for the phone, but the woman bloodied her arm and pulled a pair of long, slender, pointed scissors from her jeans. She lunged sharply at the elderly woman but Annela intervened.

"I couldn't let anyone hurt my granny," Annela told *Monica's* "I just couldn't let her do that way. I jumped between the woman and Granny and guarded her like in my favourite sport, basketball. I had to protect Granny from the snailbites."

Throughout the brief but savage attack, the terrified schoolgirl acted as a human shield to save her grandmother's life. The scissors punctured her back, her shoulders and her ribs cage. Annela finally backed and collapsed to the floor, but the attacker's fury had not subsided. When the woman again lunged at her grandmother, Annela said, "I got up and jumped in front of her again."

Neither Annela nor her grandmother can remember exactly how they managed to escape their attacker. But Jodeli recalls that they led by a side door and made their way nearly 400 m uphill to get themselves to Annela's home. She also remembers hearing the woman screaming that she was going to kill both of them. At one point, Jodeli says, she fell and nearly fainted from the effort of trying to support her wounded granddaughters.

"Someone, I got the strength to get up and go on," Jodeli said. "Annela was gasping for breath. She said to me, 'Granny, I can't see.' I said, 'Just keep walking towards your house.'"

will never forget the horror they felt when they opened their door that night. "There was Annela," said her mother, "covered in blood, gasping for breath, and her eyes closed in terrible pain. Her grandmother was covered in blood and somehow holding her up." Within 15 minutes, Annela was on her way by ambulance to Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Charlottetown. "Granny was applied to surgery in hospital," said Neil Macdonald, owner of the ambulance company. "The patient was drowsy but stable and quite conscious." Doctors later determined that Annela had been stabbed 26 times and that one of the wounds punctured a lung while others had come within inches of her heart. The little finger on her left hand was nearly severed. Later that day, after doctors at the Charlottetown hospital had treated her wounds, Annela was transported by helicopter to the Lusha William Wilkins Children's Hospital in Halifax.

Although doctors had to perform surgery, Annela spent only three days in hospital. When she came home to Scotchcote last week, residents greeted her with a barbecue and signs that said, "We love you, Annela." She looked remarkably good. "There are no scars on my face or legs," Annela said. "Worst of all, I won't be able to play sports like basketball for a year. But at all, my Granny has me out at all."

A few hours after the attack, the RCMP arrested Marie Labadie, 46, and charged her with one count of attempted murder and two counts of breaking and entering. Labadie had escaped from Miramichi Hospital, a Charlottetown psychiatric facility, the day before. Some Scotchcote residents wondered why the Monctons had not launched an all-think search for the woman, but she was escaped. But Capt. Donald Penfold of the RCMP's Charlottetown detachment said that the force did not organize a search because the officers did not consider her dangerous based on her past behavior.

While Annela's bravery seemed to defy explanation, P.E.I. Micmac Grand Council Captain John Joe Stark says it reflects the deep bonds between children and their elders in native cultures. "Annela's courage, reverence and love for her grandmother goes back 10,000 years in the history of our people," Stark said. "Wisdom of the elders and the energy of the youth will bring a new, better world." Annela's mother had given her an eagle feather a few months before the attack—and Annela, who is studying native culture and wants to be a lawyer, wonders if it brought her luck. Jodeli said marvels that they survived—well, marvels at the girl, at a little girl. "It was as if," she said, "someone was going to give special strength."

EMILY JENSEN and ARNOLD MACDONALD in Charlottetown

PEOPLE

The humor of science



Gold 'tells sorts of weird things'

He never got the name of her workplace right, calling it the Canadian Hall of Science, the House of Dinosaurian Science, Physics for Girls and Boys, and the Ontario Science Base and Weight Loss Institute. But when last night TV host David Letterman makes his move from NBC to CBS in September, he will take with him Carol Gold, whose recommendation for the Ontario Science Centre in Toronto "Where Dave goes, it goes," said Gold, who has been appearing on *Late Night* two or three times a screen since 1990. The author of the book, Gold has had Letterman up after him with an air cannon and made him with a chocolate pudding to demonstrate the wonders of science. She has also been the host of his science lesson. "He does all sorts of weird things," Gold said. "You never get to go to a straight line with him, and this is part of what makes it fun."



Corvino: "I don't believe in conspiracies"

Ruling a land divided

When King Baudouin died last month at age 62, Belgium lost a beloved monarch. During his 42-year reign, Baudouin was vital in maintaining the country's uneasy unity, forestalled secession by tensions between Belgium's French- and Flemish-speaking communities. Now, that task falls to his brother, Prince Albert of Leige. On Aug. 9 in Brussels, the 35-year-old father of three was sworn in as King Albert II, the sixth Belgian monarch since 1835. But already, there were questions about his ability to face the demands of office. Taking the oath before parliament, the king was backed by a 100-member parliament. "Long live the republic of Europe," he said. "Long live the republic of Europe." As well, Albert's hand and hands shook visibly during his speech from the throne, prompting rumors that he suffers from Parkinson's disease. Palace officials responded that Albert's "trembling was due only to strong emotion, heightened by sadness." Given the 62-fallacies of the king, that is understandable.



Albert: trembling and strong emotions

Rolling on the Rock

For more than a decade, The Wines Brothers have played their country tunes at bars and honky-tonks throughout their native Newfoundland. But last year, the duo from Hare Bay scraped together their savings and borrowed from relatives to raise \$60,000 to record their new album, *Stone Flats*, in Toronto studio. "We pretty well spent everything we had on it," said Shawn Winesman, 31, his brother Perry, 34,



Shawn and Perry Winesman: money and phones

started working the telephone, calling media stations to push their ballad *Siding Myself Up for a Fall* as a single. The hard work, and nearly \$5,000 in phone bills, paid off. The song has played on more than 80 stations across Canada and spent 12 weeks on the charts this spring. Now, the Winesmans have scored a national distribution deal and are promoting their next single, *Two Broken Hearts*. "This is a more up-tempo, club-type ballad song," said Shawn Winesman. "We're hoping this one's going to kick up some storm for us."



Remembrances of a 'Miracle Mile'

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

Morning, late time goes by and we never notice. Such about 1954, when I was just graduating, Hamilton hosted the British Empire Games (1961 Ape, late of the Toronto Maple Leafs, was the pole vault. Welcome!) As the politically correct colonies evolved and the Brits lost their empire, the following year was excused and it became just the Commonwealth Games. The 1954 version will take place in lovely old Victoria next summer. Then maybe the circle will be complete because, 40 years previous in British Columbia on a sunny Saturday in August in Vancouver, there occurred the most exciting and time-consuming athletic day this globe old jock has ever witnessed from and near.

The Brits are second nominees and they wanted to crown the champion of their new Queen Beas with two continents, working Everest and the four-minute mile. Everyone knows that New Zealander Edward Hillary conquered Everest, what people forget was that he was just one member of a dream team. All that was left was the mile.

It was sport's most elusive goal. From the legendary Paavo Nurmi in 1925 to Gunder Haegg in 1945, the world's best runners had been able to pace only one second of their 22 years—less than half a second a year over 22 years. In 1954, as the Empire Games in Vancouver approached, there were two clear threats. One was a lucky Kasim, Wes Santee, who had run 4:02.4 and had vowed to close the prize for the Excited States of America.

The other was a gentle Aussie (an early married schoolteacher, John Landy, who was in my tennis below 4:02, but seemed blocked in the mental barrier of breaking the figure four). The Brits knew he was headed for a spring campaign in Scotland.

On May 6, 1954, a pale Oxford medical student, the name of Roger Bannister, astrophysically joined by Chris Chataway and, astronomically joined by Chris Chataway and Chris Brasher, burst into world headlines with a time of 3:59.4.

Chataway, wearing a Tony M and thought



on the way to the prize, stinkier before he was to make money, instead surprised his friend Bannister by going in. He had to chase Landy. The frustrated Britisher, seven the equal of his buddies, now a Londoner, squandered, later switched to the single-chase and was an Olympic gold medalist, not achieved by either of his mates.

In Tokyo, on June 23, started by the challenge of Chataway, Landy ran 3:58. Thus was set up for a delicious Vancouver the August 'Miracle Mile,' the first case two men who had broken the four-minute barrier would meet. It was the lead story in the first issue of Sports Illustrated.

The night before the race, a nervous Landy took a midnight walk in the athletes' village and dropped on a photographer's broken bulb for him to go to the hospital to be treated. Andy Gibbin, the veteran Montreal sports writer, noticed the blood stain and Landy

made him not to report it, but it was taken later as an omen.

The field on the sunny Saturday was the strongest ever assembled from three continents, including a little known 23-year-old Canadian, Bob Ferguson. I must have the memories of Ross and Burns, McPherson, sometimes in Oxford who won't forget Bannister. Later the secretary of The Guinness Book of Records, one of them associated on his coaching a decade ago by the 30s.

At the half, Landy led by 15 yards. With a try to go Bannister was at his back. On the final turn, one of the great moments in sport history, Landy looked left over his shoulder, not knowing due to the screams of the crowd where his opponent was, and Bannister, with the stride of a stallion, burst past him. By the time Landy had turned his head, he was gone. Bannister, 3:58.4, Landy, 3:59.6. The unbent Ferguson, a new Canadian hero, third in 4:04.

Twenty minutes later, the crowd still pulsating with excitement, Jim Peters staggered into the stadium. He was the world's best runner, jumped by his British manager that a woman was going to beat him this day. On the hottest day of the year in Vancouver, he set an impossible pace on a scorching pavement, and on descending the steep slope into the oval his right arm gave out and he pitched face forward into the dust.

He crawled. He collapsed. The drunkenly staggered, 48,000 spectators were silent in despair. The English track manager looked at track's edge and stopped him. In Peter Philip, in the next line, stood and urged him to the finish line.

Finally, the crowd manager stood at the 100-yard finish line, breaking on the stepped stairs, collected him in his arms—on the 100 yards, collected him in his arms—and once that the real finish was still 350 yards distant. Some time later, there landed into the arena Scotland's Joe McGhee, who in the heat had fallen into a ditch and had given up, revived only by a Scottish bodybuilder who had leaped out the window and placed him. To do it for Scotland? Peters, who was now dead by dehydration, never ran again.

They crept in front of Empire Stadium, a statue of the famous moment when Landy looked over the strong shoulder. The other day they are down Empire Stadium, it not being voluntarily, said it was a disgrace. They moved the statue into Mac's yard.

And Bob Ferguson, a successful business man and big player in soccer, Peter Springs, dropped dead of a heart attack. He was 34.

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